A Journal for the Little Folks

The Planet Junior

A Page for the Boys and Girls

Supplement to The Saturday Planet

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THE PLANET JUNIOR

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1907.

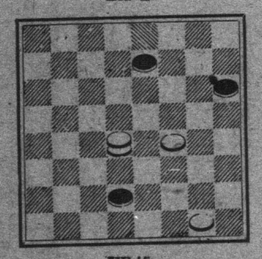
We have taken such a long holiday from publishing The Planet Junior that our little friends have forgotten how they used to help us, have not had many items from the schools, but we hope by next week you will remember, Juniors, that we have to get the school news from the children.

Next week we are going to tell you how to have a Hallowe'en party. Which child can send us in the best suggestion for sports for Hallowe'en?

DRAUGHTS

A Problem by J. T. McDonald, of Manchester.

Black.



White.

White to Move and Win.

EASILY TURNED

A small boy was asked to take dinner at the home of a distinguished professor in Princeton. The lad's mother, in fear lest he should commit some breach of etiquette, gave him repeated directions as to what he should and should not do.

Upon his return from the great occasion, the mother's first question was:

Harold, did you get along at the table all right?

Oh, yes, mama, well enough.

Are you sure you didn't do anything that was not perfectly polite and gentlemanly?

Why no—nothing to speak of. Then something did happen. What was it?

But I fixed it all right, mama.

Tell me at once.

Why, I got along pretty well until the meat came, but while I was trying to cut mine it slipped off onto the floor. But I made it all right.

What did you do?

Oh, I just said, sort of carelessly, "That's always the way with tough meat!"

Mr. and Mrs. Logan and children, of Chatham, are spending a few days with friends in Wallaceburg.

MADE ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

I was very much surprised to hear of your engagement with young Simpkins.

And why, pray?

Less than two weeks ago you told me you hated him.

Oh, he hadn't proposed then.

MAKE A NEW ONE.

Alas! you have broken your promise to me, wailed the trusting maiden.

Oh, that's all right, answered the resourceful swain.

Don't let that worry you. I'll just make you a new one.

NUTS TO CRACK

1. (Word-Squares Connected by Diamonds.

The central letters of the diamonds spell the name of an important profession.

Upper Left-hand Square—
Name of a month.
Nimble.
To mature.
To cleanse.

Upper Right-hand Square—
A time-piece.
To work.
One who drinks to access.
A statement of religious faith.
A collection of animals.

Lower Left-hand Square—
Pertaining to ships.
Friendly relationship.
Strength.
To make amends.
Ancient stringed instruments.

Lower Right-hand Square—
Opposite of day.
One who wastes time.
Dazzling light.
A portcullis.
Plants of large growth.

Connected Diamonds—
A letter.
To wager.
A woman's name.
Goddess of Mischief.
A letter.
A man's name.
The language of the ancient Romans.
Anger.
A letter.

2. A Chest of Tools.

This is a plan everyone may follow—remember that sham merits only disgust; others saw the necessity of thrift and of learning something. I'm letting nothing escape me, although it is a tax even now; but I am not a bit discouraged. If I learn, I may come at last to realize that to teach is elevating.

3. (Aunts.

One aunt takes great interest in her suits.
Another is unworthy of notice.
Another has not been long in society.
Another is full of meaning.
Another is a mean flatterer.
Another airs her learning.
Another is an inhuman creature, but cannot help it.
Another has a terrible temper.
Another is a traveller.
Another sometimes keeps a secret.
Another looks like a true aunt, but is never found where she ought to be.
Another likes the country.
Another does not own her home.
Another can never resist atmospheric influence.

4. Riddle.

I come from the north,
I come from the south,
I travel by night and day,
And man my will may never oppose;
And none can say me nay.
I oftentimes am fierce and wild,
And the stanchest things destroy,
But for days I may be very mild
And give relief and joy.

5. Anagrams—Jewels (in the plural).

We're found amid dons. Does it seem strange?
At thy mess are red meals served without change?
The slain crane he buries, and as skipper he's sailing.
"Oh, why do you quit us?" rose the sad wailing.

6. Word Chain.

The last three letters of each word are the beginning of the next—
A Plant.
Rimes.
A Grain.
Improves.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST SATURDAY'S JUNIOR.

1—
Nightshade.
Rosemary.
Flax.
Yarrow.
Sundrops.
Maddog.
Aster.
Orchids.
Thyme.
Mustard.

2—
I. When one is one hundred, and nine is nine tens.
II. Bow.

3—
Dun, din.
Bun, bin.
Pun, pin.
Fun, fin.
Hunt, hint.
Lump, limp.
Mule, mile.
Sun, sin.

4—
Pine.
Hemlock.
Linden.
Box.
Cedar.
Pear.
Larch.
Elm.
Oak.
Fir.
Willow.
Redwood.
Maple.
Aspen.

5—
T-rap, B-eat, B-oat.
G-oald, C-lot, F-ace.
R-ice, L-and, L-ode.
O-pen, S-end.

6—
I. Ten, is (tennis), see—Tennessee.
II. In, d, pen, dense—independence.
III. Can, non, aid—cannonade.

LOVE YOUR NEIGHBOR.

"Love your neighbor as yourself,"
So the parson preaches;
That's one half the decalogue,
So the prayer book teaches.
Half my duty I can do
With but little labor,
For with all my heart and soul
I do love my neighbor.

Mighty little credit that
To my self-denial;
Not to love her, though might be
Something of a trial.
Why, the rosy light that peeps
Through the glass above her
Lingers round her lips—you see
E'en the sunbeams love her.

So, to make my merit more,
I'll go beyond the letter;
Love my neighbor as myself!
Yes, and ten times better.
For she's sweeter than the breath
Of the spring, that passes
Through the fragrant, budding woods,
O'er the meadow grasses.

And I've preached the word I know,
For it was my duty
To convert the stubborn breast
Of the little beauty.
Once again success has crowned
Missionary labor,
For her sweet eyes own that she
Also loves her neighbor.

—George A. Baker.

LOSS OF APPETITE AND ENERGY.

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FOR JUNIORS

A CYCLE OF CANDLES.

By Rose Mills Powers.

The birthday Betty was one, the dear,
She had a party to round the year—
Four little guests, and, what do you think!
A beautiful cake with candles pink;
Two pink candles that gaily shone
On Betty's Birthday when she was one—
One for her age, and one, you know,
For the wee little sweet little maid to grow!

The birthday Betty was two—alas,
That such disasters should come to pass!—
Betty was ill with the whooping cough,
And the birthday party could not come off!
So three pink candles had nothing to do
On Betty's birthday when she was two—!
Two for her age, and one you know,
For the wee little sweet little maid to grow!

The birthday Betty was three—well, well,
I'm sorry enough to have to tell
Betty was down with the mumps that day,
Her cheeks puffed out in a shocking way!
So four pink candles we did not see
On Betty's Birthday when she was three—
Three for her age, and one, you know,
For the wee little sweet little maid to grow!

The birthday Betty is four—hurray!
No drugs or doctors around to-day!
The happiest kind of a time we'll make,
The toothsome kind of a cake we'll bake,
And five pink candles the scene shall light
When the children gather with faces bright
To wish her years may be many more,
On Betty's birthday when she is four—
Four for her age, and one, you know,
For the wee little sweet little maid to grow!

—Little Folks.

NOT WORK, BUT WORRY.

It is not the work, but the worry
That wrinkles the smooth, fair face,
That blends gray hairs with the dusky
And robs the form of its grace;
That dims the lustre and sparkle
Of eyes that were once so bright,
But now are heavy and troubled
With a weary, despondent light.
It is not the work, but the worry
That drives all sleep away,
As we toss and turn and wonder
About the cares of the day.
Do we think of the hand's hard labor
Or the steps of the tired feet?
Ah, no! But we plan and ponder,
How both ends can be made to meet.
It is not the work, but the worry
That makes us sober and sad,
That makes us narrow and sordid
When we should be cheery and glad.
There's a shadow before the sunlight,
And even a cloud in the blue;
The scent of the rose is tainted,
The notes of the song are untrue.
Ah, 'tis not the work, but the worry
That makes the world grow old,
That numbers the years of its children
Ere half the story is told;
That weakens their faith in Heaven
And the wisdom of God's great plan;
Ah, 'tis not the work, but the worry
That breaks the heart of man!

BEING TRIED FOR THE ELEVEN

BY LESLIE W. QUIRK.

As "Tommy" Blake snapped open the door and walked briskly into his father's place of business, the hands of the big office clock pointed severely to ten minutes after nine. But the boy only smiled. He was late, of course, but he could catch up with the others in an hour. They always plodded, while he fairly romped through his work.

Old Dolan, who had been with his father for twenty years, looked up and beckoned. Blake hung up his hat and coat, flecked an imaginary speck of dust from his clothes, and went over to him.

"Well, daddy?" he said, with his pleasant blue eyes twinkling at the reproof that he knew was coming.

Dolan pointed accusingly at the clock.

"You're late again, Tommy," he said, gently.

"That's a fact," admitted Blake. He laid his hand on the old man's shoulder and smiled. "But I can make it up by working hard, can't I?"

There was no resisting Tommy. Dolan's face relaxed, and he nodded.

"That wasn't what I called you over here for, though," he said, wiping his spectacles. "It was this," holding out a book, the pages of which were furrowed with straight, orderly lines of figures. "You made the total wrong again yesterday, Tommy. I stayed to correct it last night."

Blake's eyes brightened. "Daddy, you're my good angel!" he exclaimed. "I will do better after this. I can, you know."

"Yes," admitted Dolan, "you can, but—"

The boy laughed good-naturedly, in his frank way, and with another promise, walked over to his own desk. Dolan looked after him with affection in his eyes.

"He is a good boy, is Tommy," he said to himself, "but he doesn't understand. He thinks he is almost indispensable, but he blunders so much that— I wish he could be made to understand! If he were not in his father's office, now, he might." And the gray-haired chief clerk turned wearily to his accounts.

Things had always run very smoothly for Tommy Blake. His frank, boyish air of good nature won him friends on every side, and their ready praise had spoiled him just a little. At college he had been immensely popular as a football idol.

Now, for the first time he had settled down to work. It was irksome, and he felt a little aggrieved at being put in such a position. As a result, he did his work carelessly and in the manner which seemed easiest.

It was early October, and the air outside was crisp and bracing. Tommy Blake's head was aching by noon and he looked longingly at the throng on the streets. He wanted to be outside, too; he wanted to walk, to run, to feel the play of muscles.

He made up his mind quickly, as he always did, and his father readily assented to his suggestion of a half-holiday. He determined to go to some athletic field and watch the football practice.

Binny had told him to come up to the ball park, where the local college team practised, on any afternoon he could spare the time, and he decided to accept the invitation to-day.

He had a wait of nearly an hour before the fellows came, and then he discovered that Binny was not with them. It really made no difference, as the practice was not secret, except for the fact that he felt a little lost among the group of college fellows on the side-lines.

The practice was hard. The coach was driving the men as hard as he dared, in order to whip them into shape for the season. The squad was disappointingly small, and the lack of material must be offset by science and individual skill.

It was good to see them run, and tackle and kick. Blake's impulsive nature got the better of him, and he worked out into the field, crouching when the backs lined up, and springing forward when they did.

Somebody touched him on the shoulder. Blake looked up into the face of the coach.

"Ever play?" asked the man.

"Oh, yes!" said Blake. He said it proudly, and the coach smiled derisively.

"High-school team, I suppose?" he remarked.

It was on the tip of Blake's tongue to tell the man who he was. But he hesitated, turning over and over in his mind a plan. He had played in high school, of course, as well as on the "varsity" team.

"Yes, sir," he said, meekly, in answer to the question.

"Then go over there and get into a suit as quickly as you can!" ordered the coach.

The blood mounted to Blake's cheeks at the brusque manner in which the man spoke, but he said nothing. If the coach took him for a student, let him. He would get into the "togs" and show him how the game should be played.

He put on a padded suit that he found in the locker-room; this was like old times again.

The coach eyed his great form silently, although Blake took care to stride along with the lumbering gait common to heavy-muscled athletes, and ordered him in at left half-back on the scrub, or second, team. The substitutes looked at him hopefully.

Ten minutes of sharp signal practice sufficed to put him in touch with the simpler plays, and he was glad when the coach lined up the two teams in the middle of the field. Now he would show them what he could do!

The varsity team had the ball. The quarter-back's sharp eyes passed rapidly over the eleven players on the other team, and he gave the signals with queer, jerky intonations.

Suddenly the ball was snapped. The whole team seemed to work on a pivot. It was an end run, timed to a second, and seemingly almost impregnable in its interference. Blake only smiled. He knew a trick that would stop it, should the little end miss the man.

The end was caught by the first man in the interference, and sent whirling far out into the field. Blake set his teeth, still smiling with his lips, and dived for the runner. Something—somebody — caught his shoulder with a terrible force, and he turned over and over. Two players fell with him. After they got up, he lay a moment, dazed and wondering.

"Get up there!" ordered the coach. "Don't be a baby! You made a fool of yourself in that play. Get up, I say!"

Blake jumped to his feet. He was fairly crazed with anger, but down in his heart he realized that the man was only speaking the truth. The smile was gone now, and his chin was coming forward.

"I'll make good on the next play," he said to himself. "I'll show him!"

He watched the quarter-back, and decided the play was to go through the line. He heard the signals come in quick, sharp tones, and saw the hands of the quarter-back open suddenly.

The ball was passed to a half-back, who lowered his head and plunged forward, with a quick intuition of the weak spot in the line.

Blake's big shoulders were backing the man at tackle on the instant. He dug his cleated shoes into the soft dirt, and pushed with all the power of his great body, pushed until the blood was making his face burn.

But the great mass moved him back and back and back. There was no stopping the play. It looked like a touch-down to Blake, and only the quick action of the scrub full-back in falling just in front of the mass, and plunging it to the ground over him, prevented the scoring.

Blake scrambled out of the scrimmage, and stood waiting for the others to get to their feet.

"Afraid, eh?" sneered a voice in this ear. "Did you think you could push the whole team back? Why didn't you get down in front of them away back there, as Bilkens did? Afraid, I suppose?"

Blake whirled angrily on the coach. The man stood staring at him with curling lip, and somehow the rage in the boy's heart vanished. He wiped his steaming face with the sleeve of his jersey.

"Not afraid!" he declared, shortly, and went back to his position.

Three more plays came straight into Blake's arms, and three times the coach looked at him derisively, and called out:

"First down! Five yards to gain!"

Then the man gave the "scrubs" the ball, and took the quarter-back to one side and whispered instructions to the play.

Blake found his place, and leaned forward expectantly. There was a moment's wait while the coach showed the left guard how to brace his knee back of the centre rush, and Blake looked over at the opposing half and grinned.

"Keep your eye on the ball!" commanded the coach, shortly. "You told me you had played the game."

There was a sneer in the words that rankled in Blake's heart, but he swallowed hard and said nothing.

"Four—two—three — seven!" called the little quarter.

It was the signal for an end run by Blake. He gritted his teeth and waited, watching with fascinating eyes the dirty leather that quivered in the hands of the centre rush.

The quarter-back signalled for the ball, caught it deftly in his two palms, and swung round. Blake's start was a little slow, and before he was fairly under way the line had parted, and he had been tackled for a loss.

The coach yanked off the players on top of him, and set the boy on his feet. He looked at him silently for a moment, and Blake's cheeks colored. He knew the fault was his.

"Four—two—three— seven!" called the quarter, at a nod from the coach. Blake knew he could have varied the numbers in such a way as to confuse the other team, and still have the same play. He understood that the coach was handicapping him in every possible way. He gritted his teeth and waited.

This time he sprang forward at the instant the ball was off the ground, and was scurrying away and almost skirting the end before the varsity could fathom the play. With his heart beating exultingly, he ran with all his might. One by one the interference vanished as tacklers appeared, until he found himself running alone. Between him and the goal was only a single player. At last he would make a touch-down, and prove his ability to the coach.

With a sudden plunge, the tackler dived and caught him just above the knees. Blake had not expected him to come with such terrific force, and the shock took him off his balance. He wavered a moment, and instinctively threw up his hands as he fell. The ball slipped to the ground, bounced slightly and rolled away.

One of the varsity men snatched it up, and charged back up the field, dodging, squirming, sprinting desperately through the few who were in his path, until he found a clear field, and planted the ball behind the goal-line, squarely between the two whitewashed posts.

Blake wiped the sleeve of his jersey across his face, and waited for the kick-off. Down in his heart an admission was growing. He was beginning to fear that these players were his superiors!

He missed the ball on the kick-off, and although one of the scrubs recovered it, he knew the error was unpardonable. The coach sneered openly.

With clenched fists he waited for the first play. The quarter-back gave the signal, and he took the ball and plunged against the opposing line.

It was no use. He was battered back in spite of his best endeavors.

Worst of all, he began to see that it was not muscle and weight that was overpowering him, but better football. He was being beaten because he could not play as the others did—he who had been the star of a championship team at another college!

How the next ten minutes passed he could not have told himself. Sore, aching in every limb, angry, disappointed, he played with a desperate energy and eagerness that almost frightened him.

Blake was almost insane with the desire to do something, with the knowledge that he was playing like a man who had never seen a football before, instead of like one who had crossed the checker-board squares scores of times with the ball under his arm and a whole team in pursuit. But always now there were arms clinging about his legs, or hands pulling savagely at him, or padded figures lying flat in his path to trip him.

At the last, tired and thoroughly discouraged, his vision cleared, and he admitted defeat. He was not the player he had been, not the wonder that he had thought himself. With the lesson came a little relief. There was consolation in knowing that he was doing his best, even if his best was not equal to the best of the others.

When the coach ordered the players to stop practice and run in, he he took Blake to one side.

"I don't want you to think I am using you any differently from the others," he apologized. "You needed the grueling. I have been working you hard, and making you do it from sheer desperation, because you look promising. You play like a novice, but you know the game; I can see that. The trouble is, you think you understand everything, and won't learn. As soon as you get that idea out of your head you'll do. Understand?"

Blake nodded. He had meant to save this moment for the final revelation of his identity. Now he had no desire to explain who he was. He looked at the coach soberly.

"You're right," he said, smiling in spite of a cut lip. "I've been a fool, I'm afraid, in more ways than one. That practice has opened my eyes."

The coach extended his hand. He was thinking only of football.

"Good for you!" he said. "Good for you!"

Down at the office the next morning Dolan looked up in surprise as the door clicked shut after his employer's son. It still lacked ten minutes of the time to unlock the safe.

Blake came over to the old man, and held out his hand. Dolan took it, staring addly at the scratches on the boy's face. Before he could speak, Blake was smiling at him, and saying:

"I'm going to turn over a new leaf, daddy, and be worth something. I've been wasting my opportunities here and imposing on all of you. But it's been because I didn't quite understand. Now I'm going to get down to work, real, honest, hard work!"

Dolan clung to the hand he held. "I don't pretend to know how it has all come about," he said, in his gentle way, "but you do understand, Tommy, and I'm glad, mighty glad!"

—Youth's Companion.

BABY'S HEALTH

Baby's health and happiness depends upon its little stomach and bowels performing their work regularly. If these are out of order Baby's Own Tablets will cure the trouble quicker than any other medicine, and the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine is perfectly safe. Mrs. Frank Neill, Marksville, Ont., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for stomach and bowel troubles, breaking up colds and destroying worms, and always with the best success." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

MY EXPERIENCE.

Three score and ten and nine,
To me the years have gently grown,
And seem more precious now than then,
Though here I sit and muse alone.

Three score and ten and nine,
The best of living is the last,
And life grows sweeter at it close,
And something richer than the past,
These days disclose.

I mourn not now the silvered hair,
The trembling hand, the failing power,
As here I doze and calmly wait
The coming hour.

What dreams of honor or of gain,
Of wreaths or crowns to grace my brow,
Once stirred my spirit, none remain
To stir me now.

The tossing life, the hope and fear,
The strife, the pain of earlier days
On these, all past, I look with clear
Unshrinking gaze.

And even when I sorrow most,
Yet happy are the tears I shed,
And the bright memories of the past,
The precious dead.

Alone, but not alone, I stand,
Around, above, a power divine
Is shining, and a heavenly hand
Is touching mine.

Strange glories gild my closing day,
And one bright star from out the west
Calls me in tender tones away,
From work to rest.

And voices which amid the din
Of outward life I could not hear,
Are gently whispering within
Their words of cheer.

So, welcome is each flying year,
And welcome is this silent bliss,
For naught the noisy world can hear
Compares with this.

—Rachel Kirkpatrick.

No longer let us be talking here, not put off the work which God has trusted to our hands.

When a man has nothing at all to do he brings on exhaustion in trying to put in his time doing it.